

Knuckles

Season 1, Episode 1

The Warrior Transcript

detail

Knuckles struggles to adapt to his new life in Green Hills.

(birds chirping)

("The Warrior" by Scandal playing)

♪ Oh... ♪

(grunts)

♪ Who's the hunter? Who's the game? ♪

♪ I feel the beat call your name ♪

♪ I'll hold you close ♪

♪ In victory ♪

(grunts)

♪ I don't wanna tame your animal style ♪

♪ You won't be caged from the call of the wild ♪

♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪

♪ Bang bang ♪

♪ I am the warrior ♪

♪ Yes, I am the warrior ♪

♪ Victory is mine... ♪

(grunting, yelling)

(song stops)

Sonic: I know what you're thinking. What type of maniac wakes up at dawn to punch boulders?

(rewinding)

I'll tell you who. My good pal, Knuckles the echidna.

("Our House" by Madness playing)

It all began on the Mushroom Planet, where old Knucks got tricked into helping the very evil and very filthy Doctor Mustache escape. He came to Earth in search of a magic emerald and picked a fight with moi, which went very badly for him, by the way. Hey, wait a minute! This is the wrong footage! Why are we showing this?

♪ ♪

♪ Our house... ♪

Eventually, we punched out our differences and teamed up to defeat Robotnik's giant robot and recovered the Master Emerald, hence saving the universe. Hooray! And you're welcome. And then, Knuckles, Tails, and I became friends and roommates! Now, with all the hero stuff out of the way, Knuckles' only mission is to relax and enjoy Earth, which might be harder than it sounds.

(song ends)

Ha! A new record!

(curious music playing)

(dramatic sting)

House Wachowski is under attack.

(zooming)

(dramatic music playing)

(shoes screech)

(whirring)

(jackhammer pulsing)

(growls)

(yelps, screams)

(dramatic music playing)

Huh?

(pops)

(clangs)

Pitiful.

(clanks)

(dramatic music continues)

(muffled yelling)

Huh? (screams)

(whimpering)

Ha!

(clanging)

Ah! (panting)

Whoa! What's going on?

What kinda job is this, Mrs. Wachowski?

(upbeat music playing)

(clanging, panting)

Get it off me!

(Maddie grunts)

(wood clatters)

(panting) Did you call us up to fix your house so you could hunt us for sport?

No, no, no, no, no! I could see why it might look like that, but one of our kids gets a little...

Your kid did this?

He's a... really big kid.

With a huge imagination! Thinks he's a warrior.

Always training, questing.

As well as stalking, hunting, and occasionally terrorizing.

You know how kids are at that age.

You'll be hearing from our lawyers.

I am so sorry.

worker: Let's pack up.

(sighs)

(curious music playing)

(birds chirping)

What?

(loud chewing, humming)

(laughs)

(crunching)

(laughs) Victory is mine!

And never has it tasted so sweet.

Mm! One day, I hope to visit this Cool Ranch of Doritos and bask in all of its splendor!

Chip?

(*bag rustles*)

I'm good.

Hmm.

(*loud chomping*)

(*groans*)

(*crunching, humming*)

(*truck engine starts*)

(*tires skidding*)

Oh, boy. Poor guys.

That's the fourth crew this month.

But, I have to say, Knuckles is in incredible shape.

Do you think he's more cardio or weight focused?

It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

He looks fantastic.

Do you think the house is ever gonna get fixed?

The living room is getting pretty cold at night with that giant hole in the wall.

Boys.

We need to talk about our little red barbarian friend.

I could use some backup.

Knuckles is just having a little trouble adjusting to his new home. It wasn't easy for me to understand this planet at first, either.

When did you start getting so wise?

I read a lot of cereal boxes.

Also, I had a family that was patient enough to let me figure things out, so we have to do the same with Knuckles.

Let me talk to him when the time is right.

Alright, Sonic.

But, in the meantime, do you mind asking him to get our dog off the roof?

(*Tails gasps*)

Concentrate, Wolf.

An attack can come from anywhere at any time.

You must have steely focus.

(*panting*)

Steelier.

(*stops panting*)

Steelier... Steelier...

Steelier!

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*smacks lips*)

You know what?

I think now is a good time for that talk.

Yeah, I think so, too.

Come on, Ozzy! (*kissing*) Yeah.

Good boy!

(*Ozzy panting*)

Hey, big guy. Mind if I join ya?

Man, this place is beautiful, huh?

No.

What? Really?

You don't think Green Hills is a beautiful place to live?

No.

Not even a little?

No.

Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay.

Really look around and tell me you don't think this is--

No.

Okay, fine!

We'll circle back to this later.

It's time we had a talk.

You know, hedgehog to echidna.

Listen, moving to a new world was tough for me at first, too.

But trust me. This planet is special.

It's your home now.

An Echidna warrior has no home.

I only remain on Earth because I made a vow to you and the fox. One I intend to keep.

Hey, I respect that. But we won.

Robotnik's gone, and there's no new battle to fight.

No new quests to embark on.

Which means, for the first time, you can take a break from being a warrior.

And Earth is the perfect place to do that.

So, relax. Get comfortable.

Make yourself at home here.

Hm...

Perhaps you are right, hedgehog.

Allow me to meditate on your words of wisdom.

Perfect.

My work here is done. I'm gonna do... fun things.

Hm...

(*epic vocalizing*)

(*epic music playing*)

(*hawk screeches*)

(*thunder clap*)

(*dramatic crescendo*)

Yes.

I shall make myself at home.

(*gentle music playing*)

(*birds chirping*)

Right.

Boys! Breakfast is ready!

(*dramatic sting*)

Good morning, Pretzel Woman.

Morning, Knuckles. (*clears throat*)

Is that an Iron Throne at our breakfast table?

Good morning!

(*gasps*)

What is that?

It is merely the seat that designates my role as family champion. If you wish to claim it, you must simply defeat me in a ritual battle of trial by combat.

(*nervous laugh*) What do you mean, "trial by combat"?

Come, fox. I will show you.

I heeded the hedgehog's advice and made myself at home!

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*Ozzy panting*)

Wow! Love what you've done with the place, Knucks.

It's very, um, Conan chic.

Nope! This is not happening.

We are not turning our living room into some kind of gladiator fighting pit.

Warrior fighting pit.

Whatever! And wh-what is Ozzy doing here?

(*Ozzy whines*)

Knuckles: Ozzy has bravely volunteered for the first match by challenging his greatest enemy.

Enemy? What enemy?

(*gong clangs*)

(*gate rattling*)

(*epic music playing*)

(*epic crescendo*)

(*gate bangs*)

Is that our mailman?!

(*mailman*)

(*gasping*) Please!

I just wanna go home.

I am so sorry.

That's it! Get down right now.

You are grounded!

♪ ♪

I have no idea what that means.

Sonic: Well, I definitely do.

It means no battling enemies.

No leaving your room on quests.

And most of all, no warrior-ing.

How dare you.

In the name of Great Chief Pachacamac, I swear you will regret the day you--

Excuse me?!

You will regret...

Uh!

.. the day you...

Uh!

Knuckles, word of advice.

Do not mess with Maddie when she's this mad.

Very well, Pretzel Woman.

I will accept my grounding... with honor.

(*soft music playing*)

(*sighs*)

Great. I'm gonna be late for work.

Tails: Uh, Maddie?

We may have another issue.

It looks like Knuckles built part of his throne out of... our car.

Our car...

Oh, gosh. Okay, um, Tom is out of town...

(*snaps*)

Maybe Wade will pick me up.

Okay.

(*line ringing*)

(*Wade*)

(*voicemail*) *Hey, this is Wade! I can't answer the phone right now. I'm training for the biggest tournament of my adult life. Wish me luck! After the beep. Beep!*

(*"Green Onions" by Booker T. & the M.G.'s playing*)

(*bowling alley chatter*)

(*pins clattering*)

♪ *Yeah* ♪

Wade: Alright, Wade.

You got this.

You will bowl a strike right now because you are an excellent bowler.

But, more importantly, you are a good person.

You help old ladies cross the street.

You leave positive reviews at restaurants, even when the service is just meh.

You are pretty, yet you are approachable.

But, most of all, you are an excellent...

You're gonna choke, loser!

(*record scratch, song stops*)

(*ball smashes, clatters*)

(*screaming*)

Susie, I have begged you a thousand times, please do not insult me in the middle of my backswing.

Maybe I wouldn't insult you if you weren't such a freaking loser!

Well, maybe I wouldn't be such a freaking loser if you weren't insulting me!

Wade, get it together.

The Renegades need you.

Roll one strike, and we win.

But don't do it for me.

Do it for you.

(*soft inspiring music playing*)

Wade, this is what the Swahili tribesmen call "*kufafanua wakati*."

(*gibberish*)

"The defining moment."

The moment when you rise up like the flaming phoenix and scream, "I am Wade Whipple, and I am an unstoppable warrior."

(*muffled*) I am Wade Whipple and I am an unstoppable warrior.

Annihilate this little girl, Wade.

Crush her spirit.

Humiliate her so badly, her parents won't even look at her again.

Doesn't this seem like we're going a bit far?

Not far enough. You can do this, Wade.

And by do this, I mean crush that tiny girl's skull.

Hey, you can't talk to her like that.

Just who do you think you are?

Oh, I'm so happy you asked.

I'm an acclaimed writer of historical fiction.

I'm a man who knows his way around a vegetable garden.

(*mysterious music playing*)

But at my core, I'm someone who uses his keen instincts to hunt the world's most dangerous animal.

Man.

Jack Sinclair, bounty hunter. At your service.

I'm sorry about my friend. H-He's like that with everybody.

Are we gonna bowl or what?

Squash her like a bug.

(*mysterious music playing*)

(*sighs, shudders*)

Okay, Wade...

(*music slowly building*)

(*operatic vocalizing*)

(*dramatic sting*)

(*gasps*)

We won!

We won!

No... Wait, wait. Let's wait.

Let's wait before we celebrate.

We don't know if the pin's gonna drop yet!

Go down! It can still go down! (*blowing*)

(*angelic vocalizing*)

Come on! Come on! (*laughs*)

(*music building*)

(*groans*)

(*wobbling increases, stops*)

No!

♪ ♪

I'm sorry, Jack. I failed you.

Jack: No.

(*pins clattering*)

You didn't fail me, Wade.

You failed the Renegades.

I know, and I will up my game by the Tournament of Champions.

When we get to Reno, I will be a--

A warrior?

Yeah, a warrior.

(*scoffs*) I don't think so, Wade.

Warriors don't get mentally and emotionally decimated by young children.

Wade: To be fair, she has the soul of a very old... witch of some kind.

To win in Reno, my team needs the strongest of warriors, and you, Wade Whipple, are not a warrior.

You're off the team.

Oh, no, no. Come on, Jack.

Please, I will work harder!

Besides, who are you gonna replace me with in time for the tournament?

Little Susie.

What?!

She's a fearless, stone-cold killer on the lanes.

She's 5 years old!

Her hands aren't even big enough!

She puts one hand in one hole!

Plus, her parents are loaded and they're renting a stretch Hummer so we can ride to the tourney in style.

Hi.

That sounds very fun and cool.

Yeah. It will be.

Maybe I could go as an alternate.

I'm afraid there's no room in the car for you, pal.

No room in a stretch Hummer?

Jack: That's right.

Now, if you don't mind, I'm gonna need to collect your bowling shirt.

(*sighs*)

(*dramatic crescendo*)

My job is to make sure things like this don't happen actually 'cause that is theft, technically, but you can have it back. I'll give it to you.

Hm, she wears it well. Fits her like a glove.

You take care now, Wade.

And if you ever need a bounty hunting, call me.

(*mysterious music playing*)

Such a cool jacket.

I lied to you about the stretch hummer.

We just don't want you there. (*maniacal laugh*)

You're the worst friend ever, Jack Sinclair!

(*birds chirping*)

(*gentle music playing*)

(*deep sigh*)

Hey, buddy. How's it goin'?

(*rope creaking*)

Leave me be, hedgehog. I took your advice.

And now, I lay banished on the floor of shame, with nothing to do but plot my revenge.

Against you.

Whoa-ho-ho-ho!

Lighten up, big guy. Being grounded isn't that bad.

I lived in a cave for seven years.

You can survive a few days in an attic.

Look at all these great options you have. Like... comic books!

(*upbeat music playing*)

Music!

(*"Belly Dancer" by Imanbek & BYOR playing*)

Video games! They have come a long way since the '90s.

Ah! Where have you sent me?!

(*whoosh*)

And viral dance videos!

(*"Keep Movin' On" by MYLK playing*)

(*song ends*)

See what I mean?

Use this time to relax.

You'll be out there warrior-ing before you know it.

Okay, good talk.

(*sighs*) The hedgehog could not possibly understand.

O wise Echidna Elders.

(*mystical music playing*)

I seek your guidance in my hour of need.

Please, send me a sign.

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*disappointed sigh*)

(*magical fluttering*)

(*gruff voice*) Are you kidding me?

The Mets lost again?

Ah! Assassin!

(*squeaks*)

(*deflating*)

Relax, Knuckles. It's me.

(*gasps*) Chief Pachacamac?

(*mystical music playing*)

It's good to see you, my boy.

Now, put down the rubber chicken and give your old chief a--

(*screaming*)

(*banging*)

(*bumping*)

(*grunting*)

(*crashing*)

(*Ozzy barking*)

Oh, right.

(*spooky*) I'm a ghost...

Thank goodness you're here.

I have completed my quest and found the Master Emerald.

But with my work complete, what becomes of me?

(*normal*) Knuckles! Your quest is not complete.

It's only begun!

You are the last of the Echidnas!

And so, the legacy of our people is in your hands.

Guide me, O Great Chief.

I want you to train an apprentice in the ways of the Echidna!

Teach him our customs.

Show him our traditions.

And soon, our tribe will grow once again.

But where will I find such a student?

Right here.

Knuckles: Wade Whipple?

I know this man. He's no great warrior.

Neither were you when we first met.

He may not look like much, but he's special.

In here.

(*gentle music playing*)

He seeks to compete in a Tournament of Champions in a mystical place called...

(*voice quavering*) Reno, Nevada.

Tournament of Champions.

There is much glory to be found in such a contest!

Train him as a warrior!

The fate of the Echidna is in your--

Oh!

(*thud*)

Stupid widow.

How does this ghost stuff even work?

(*bumping*)

Ah! There we go.

(*pop*)

(*fading*) Our fate is in your hands!

I won't let you down.

(*epic crescendo*)

Alright, you baby-man.

It's time to get ripped!

(*"The Warrior" by Scandal playing*)

♪ Oh ♪

(*snapping*)

You are strong enough!

♪ *Who's the hunter? Who's the game?* ♪

♪ *I don't wanna tame your animal style* ♪

Okay.

♪ *You won't be--* ♪

(*song ends*)

(*grunts*) No, I'm not! I'm weak!

Oh, I'm gonna die today.

Oh, help me. Help! Help!

(*dramatic sting*)

(*gasps*)

Wade Whipple, this is no time for lying down.

(*clangs*)

I come to you with an urgent need.

How did you get in here?

A true warrior can conquer any stronghold.

Not even the strongest barrier can contain his might.

Came in through the open window, huh?

(*birds chirping*)

Yes. Yes, I did.

You seek to compete in the upcoming Tournament of Champions in Reno, Nevada.

I will take you there.

This tournament is my destiny.

Yeah. It was mine, too.

Until I lost my spot on the team.

How?

You were bested by a sworn enemy in trial by combat?

I was brutally trash-talked by an 8-year-old girl named Susie.

So, yes. Yeah. The same-- The same thing.

And you do not wish to reclaim your honor?

No, I-I do. I wish to reclaim my honor bad. It's just...

Jack Sinclair was right. I'm...

Not strong. I'm not tough.

I'm not a warrior.

But I am.

I can train you in ways of the Echidna.

Teach you every form of lethal combat.

Show you the secrets to all my strength.

Then, I could use that to challenge Susie in a trial by bowling combat and earn my spot back on the team.

Yes. If you take me on this quest to Reno, I will make you a true warrior!

As the great Echidna Chief Pachacamac did for me.

Pachacamac.

I think my sister went to sleepaway camp there.

Our destiny awaits, Wade Whipple.

Do we have an alliance?

Wait a minute.

Didn't I hear you were grounded?

There's no way you're allowed to leave home, right?

One cannot ground an Echidna warrior...

(*creaks*)

For an Echidna warrior has no home.

Alright, that checks out!

Let's do this! Destiny awaits! (*laughs*)

(*screams, grunts*)

(*clangs*)

Let's go get 'em.

Alright!

(*gentle music playing*)

The warrior training road trip is officially official.

Knucks. Can I call you Knucks?

No.

How about Knucky?

No. No.

Knuckington Bear?

Sir Knucksalot?

No.

Knuck, knuck.

Knuck, knuck. You gotta say, "Who's there?"

Who's there?

Knuckolas Cage. (*laughs*)

Please stop.

So, tell me a little about yourself.

You know, I-I know that you're an alien and that you're super powerful and that you've recently saved the world, et cetera, et cetera.

But let's dig a little deeper, you know? You have any hobbies?

Honor.

Honor is really more of a principle than a hobby.

Victory.

Hm...

Maybe I should restate the question.

What do you like to do for fun?

Vengeance.

Gettin' a little dark.

I was thinking more like reading o-or yoga o-or music.

Yes. The hedgehog spoke of this Earth music.

Tell me, what is it?

Oh, I-- (*laughs*) I can't just tell you what it is.

I have to... I have to--

I'll put on one of my classic Wade mixes.

(*"Can I Kick It?" by A Tribe Called Quest playing*)

Everyone at the station loves these.

I send out a link every Monday.

(*singing along*) ♪ Yes you can, can I kick it? ♪

♪ Yes you can! ♪

♪ Can I kick it? Yes you can ♪

♪ Can I kick it? Yes you can! Can I kick it? ♪

♪ Yes you can, can I kick it? ♪

(*fizzling*)

(*radio stops*)

Ha! Kicked!

Not a music guy. Noted.

(*birds chirping*)

(*digital beeping*)

(*suspenseful music playing*)

(*beeping*)

British accent: Well, well, well. Looks like we've got a runner.

(*door hissing*)

(*mysterious music playing*)

Agent Willoughby. We got a problem.

(*door shuts*)

It's a code red.

Knuckles has left the Green Hills Zone.

We have to inform Commander Walters.

Don't worry, Agent Fairley.

I've been aware since the second he left town, and I'm in complete control of the situation.

(*beeping, whirring*)

Fairley: Uh...

Ma'am, you just took our SAT surveillance offline.

(*beeping*)

There's no way anyone in HQ can track Knuckles now e... except you.

With that device.

(*tense music playing*)

(*zap, mystical whirring*)

♪ ♪

Uh, what's going on?

Thank you for your work, Agent Fairley.

You are dismissed.

(*grunts*)

(*screams*)

I hear the Mushroom Planet is beautiful this time of year, my friend! Enjoy! (*laughs*)

(*portal whirring stops*)

You're pretty proud of yourself for someone who just kicked an unsuspecting man in the chest.

Yeah, I am.

(*scoffs*)

Right, come on. We've got work to do.

(*ominous music playing*)

(*phone ringing*)

(*puts down tool*)

(*beep*)

What is it?

You're disturbing my work.

We have a unique opportunity.

Wanted you to be the first to know.

One of the aliens...

has left Green Hills. He's in the wild.

(dramatic sting)

Which one?

Willoughby: *Knuckles.*

Ah...

The muscle.

His powers are exceptional.

But, without his little friends, he's vulnerable.

(fizzling)

(dramatic crescendo)

I've been scouring the world for these quills.

They're the key to everything I'm building.

Willoughby: *You can build an evil petting zoo for all I care.*

As long as you meet our price, we'll bring you the echidna in 24 hours.

Careful, Agent Willoughby.

You'll need more than arrogance.

I'm sending you something to even the odds.

Something very special.

(ominous music playing)

Because anyone who goes against Knuckles...

(clicks, whirs)

...better be ready for the fight of their lives.

(dramatic crescendo)

(chomping)

Grapes was an interesting choice for, uh, someone who doesn't use their individual fingers.

(chomping continues)

Hey, when does the training sesh start?

You know, is there some kind of official warrior training manual or a pamphlet of some kind?

Maybe some literature I could get a look at?

That was the great Pachacamac once said, "You cannot train for battle without first knowing your battleground."

Wade: *Hm... You wanna see my battleground.*

Get ready to have your mind blown.

Knuckolas Cage.

(dramatic crescendo)

This is my battleground.

(bowling alley chatter)

(upbeat techno music playing)

This is not a place of battle.

♪ ♪

It is a playground for adult idiots.

passerby: What's up?

Okay, granted, the quests you're usually on might be a little more... high stakes.

But trust me. Many a battle has been won and lost between these very lanes.

Plus, bowling is a beautiful game.

Come on, I'll show you.

([i]♪ "Non, je ne regrette rien" by Edith Piaf playing[/i])

♪ Non, rien de rien ♪

♪ Non, je ne regrette rien ♪

♪ Ni le bien ♪

(ball rumbling)

♪ Qu'on m'a fait ♪

(echoing clatter)

♪ Ni le mal ♪

♪ Tout ça m'est bien égal ♪

(song stops)

Knuckles: Ha!

You smashed those pins with no mercy.

I'm beginning to understand your interest in this game.

Yeah. You know, there's another reason I love bowling so much.

It's kind of a big reason.

My dad.

See, my dad taught me everything I know about bowling.

Taught me how to get the perfect spin on my shot.

Taught me how to nail a 7-10 split.

Taught me which Buffalo wings would give me indigestion and fill me with regret in the morning.

He was the best bowler ever.

What happened to him?

TJ Maxx.

Is that the warrior who slayed him?

A fearsome name indeed.

It's a discount department store.

One moment, we were in the men's department looking for warm-ups.

Next moment, he was gone.

He abandoned me.

He abandoned my family.

But, sometimes, when I'm between those lanes, it's like we're together again.

Just playing my favorite game with my dad.

So bowling is the thing that makes you feel at home in this world?

Yeah. I guess it is.

(*air horn blaring*)

(*techno sting*)

Oh, awesome! We got here just in time!

(*excited chatter*)

Come on!

(*disco music playing*)

Amazing.

It glows with the power of a falling galacti-star.

Actually, I think it's glowing with the power from the laundromat next door.

Grasp it.

Feel its power course through your ginormous hands.

Take aim at your pins and...

(*pins shattering*)

What?!

We gotta get you to Reno, man! Wow!

Jack Sinclair's gonna flip when he sees this. Yes.

It is nothing an apprentice like you cannot achieve in due time.

You think I could do that?

(*gentle music playing*)

Thanks for believing in me, Knuckles.

You know, most people think I'm just kind of a joke.

I do not make jokes, Wade Whipple.

I make warriors.

(*zap*)

(*crowd gasps*)

(*mystical whirring*)

(*ominous music playing*)

(*ominous crescendo*)

(*suits whirring*)

What devilry is this?

Sorry, this lane is reserved.

What's up, Knucks? (*laughs*)

(*zapping*)

Okay, so this is because Knuckles is grounded, right?

Who's the idiot?

Does it matter?

Get down!

Whoa!

(*crowd screaming*)

(*blasting*)

(*dramatic music playing*)

(*growls*)

I get it! Rules are rules! If he's grounded, don't let me get in the way of disciplining him!

Don't try anything, echidna. You're coming with us.

You think you can take my power?

(*fizzling*)

(*grunts*)

(*fizzling, whirring*)

(*laughs*)

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*electricity whirring, blasting*)

(*ominous music playing*)

Do I look like I need your power?

(*groans*)

What are you talking about? Of course, we need his power.

It's the whole reason we're here, to get his power and sell it for lots and lots of money.

I know that!

I was just trying to have a cool catchphrase moment until you--

(*growls*)

(*grunts*)

(*pins clattering*)

(*fizzling*)

(*triumphant music playing*)

Look alive!

(*dramatic crescendo*)

(*grunts*)

(*fizzling*)

(*both grunting*)

(*operatic music playing*)

(*yells*)

(*grunts*)

(*Knuckles screaming*)

Knuckles!

(*both grunt*)

(*triumphant sting*)

(*smashing*)

(*grunting*)

Ha! It worked!

(*growls*)

(clicking, whirring)

(dramatic music playing)

(grunting, yelling)

(muffled blasting)

(grunts, yells)

(grunts, straining)

(wood ripping)

Yeah! I thought you'd be tougher, Knucks!

(whirring)

(blasting)

(blasting)

(grunting, yelling)

(blasting)

Whoa!

(whirring)

(grunts)

(yelling)

(grunts)

Wade! Do something!

I told you this was a battlefield!

Ah!

(gasps)

(yells, groans)

(both groan)

(grunts)

(fizzles)

(video game sound effects)

Fools! You thought you could kidnap me?

(triumphant music playing)

(groans)

(gasps)

(metallic clang)

(clattering)

I am an Echidna-- Whoa!

(grunts)

(struggling)

(forcefield whirring)

(soft tense music playing)

Right, let's go. We got him.

Cool. But, to be clear, you didn't save me.

I sacrificed myself, which created a distraction which resulted in a diversion, which...

Alright, let's call it a team effort.

♪ ♪

(*lights fizzling*)

(*curious music playing*)

Oh, no.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

They have Knuckles, and it's all my fault.

I have to do something. I have to help him. I...

♪ ♪

(*gun fizzling*)

(*crescendo*)

...have an incredibly dumb idea.

(*"The Warrior" by Scandal playing*)

♪ Oh... ♪

♪ Oh-oh-oh ♪

♪ Who's the hunter? Who's the game? ♪

♪ I feel the beat call your name ♪

♪ I hold you close in victory ♪

♪ I don't wanna tame your animal style ♪

♪ You won't be caged from the call of the wild ♪

♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪

♪ Bang bang ♪

♪ I am the warrior ♪

♪ Well, I am the warrior ♪

♪ And heart to heart, you'll win ♪

♪ If you survive ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪

♪ Bang bang ♪

♪ I am the warrior ♪

♪ Well, I am the warrior ♪

♪ And heart to heart, you'll win ♪

♪ If you survive ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

(*song ends*)

♪ ♪

Detail

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